THE BLACK DWARF.

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Satire's my weapon; but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck and tilt at all I meet.

I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors. POPE.

TO THE LIVERY OF LONDON ON THE CHOICE OF A LORD MAYOR.

Address to the Livery on the Choice of a Lord Mayor—Advantages of ROTATION *to* KNAVES *and* FOOLS—*Mischief to the People—Hints to the New* SHERIFFS *and Alderman Heygate.*

GENTLEMEN,

AN appeal in defence of the rights of your Country is *now* made to you. Other parts of the kingdom have shewn you glorious examples of firmness and success; and the eyes of all are now upon you. London has yet done but little to assist the spirit of reform—to counteract the progress of despotism. The livery, it is true, have no crimes of commission to lay to their charge. They have only omitted to do that which they had the power to do, and which they ought to have done. Last year a spontaneous ebullition of contempt for an individual only distinguished for imbecility and apostacy, produced the re-election of the present Lord Mayor. It was no struggle, no contest, for political rights. The *ministerial friend* was not of sufficient importance to raise an opposition. A man so *weak*, allied to a cause so *infamous*, had only to *appear*, to be *dismissed*. Corruption had *no time* to rally her forces, nor even *to put on her armour*. She displayed her horrid features only to be despised. Trusting to the ROTATION, (and what besides had Mr. Alderman Smith to confide in?) he was surprised to find himself dismissed with execrations. All his vanity fell to the ground, and the poor *expectant Lord Mayor in rotation*, was compelled to lay up his new liveries for a succeeding year. But if the livery are true to themselves, that year he will never live to see, unless he has sufficient manliness to read his political recantation, and own *that to be wrong*, which he must *feel* to be *illegal* and *unjust*. Of this however, there can be *no hope*. The year has passed away on his part without a single effort or one single act, that should induce an honest man to think the better of him. He has still hugged his ministerial fetters, and his conduct in a certain house of bad repute has been as opposite to the public good as to his personal honor. It may be said for him, indeed, as for all those fortunate blockheads, who yet contrive always to be on the side of their interest, that he does the *best he can*—that he acts according to the best of *his judgment*. This may be *true*. His *judgment* was never rated very high; and the *best* he *has done*, is too bad for comment. Indeed, neither his friends nor himself are able either to explain or to defend his conduct. The *candidate by rotation*—the man who *pretends* to *demand* your election as a right, did not *present himself on the hustings*—did not appear before those whom he thus tacitly told were by some necessity compelled to chose him, because he stood on the list in *rotation!* Will the Livery of London stoop so low, as to take such an insult from such a man? Presumption should always be repressed, let it be accompanied by what talent, let it be recommended by what influence so ever. But *presumption without talent*, without any honest, or honourable influence—presumption degenerating in brutal insolence, and confident ignorance, should be chastised still more severely, and driven from the public stage. To combat the pretensions of a man who builds them upon such flimsy grounds, is not an easy task. It is a contest with a phantom that displays no real resistance, but which enslaves credulity and imposes on superstition by its appearance.

That such a court of Aldermen as we have at present should wish the line of *rotation* to be observed is perfectly natural. They have just wit enough amongst them with three or four honourable exceptions, to know that they never could be seated as Lord Mayors by any other means. They are *too modest* to venture to ask for an *election* to that office, because they feel that they *ought to be rejected*. They would therefore prefer walking up the back stairs, and stealing one after another into a situation, where they can only render themselves a little more conspicuously ridiculous. And this mode, Gentlemen of the Livery, they would offer to you, as a *substitute for your choice*, as a better right and qualification for the office, than your unbiassed votes. Their argument is—"*We are Aldermen*, "and *we ought to be Mayors in our turn*. One portion "of our fellow citizens *have* been mistaken enough to "think us fit for magistrates; and therefore the City at "large *must* deem us wise enough to preside over magis-"trates; and this we are quite sure we can do very well "while the city magistracy remains as it is. As for *city* "*duties*, why the town clerk, and the common crier, and "the beadles know them all, and can do them as well as "they have hitherto performed them. They will give us "all the information we want. And as for the *public du-*"*ties!* oh! they are all to be learnt at the treasury, and "Lord Castlereagh is very easy of access." In the de-

cline of Rome, it was a charge made against the Roman candidates for office, that they never made themselves acquainted with the duties of a situation, until they were elected to discharge them. But we have refined upon the indolence, in the city of London, and rendered it unnecessary to be acquainted with duties at all. They are all performed, well or ill, by *perpetual subalterns*, who are in most cases the *real masters*, and many a Lord Mayor by rotation leaves the chair as ignorant even of the routine of the city business (except the dinners) as when he first seated himself there. If the city of London were some petty borough, it would have shewn more prudence than to have suffered such a system to have commenced. The affairs of such a place would have been open to the inspection of one glance, and nothing short of fatuity could have elected even as Aldermen, such a set of witless politicians as the city magistrates have been for many ages. Occasionally amid the ignorance of the host, a spark of feeling, or a ray of genius, has been witnessed, brilliant as a meteor in surrounding gloom. But these fortunate accidents have not "redeemed the race." To be an Alderman requires the possession of a large sum of money, no matter how acquired; and the qualifications of a city magistrate are to be looked for in his accounts of omnium, scrip, or consols; or be compounded from government contracts and lucky speculations, without any reference to principle, talent, or integrity. The preference given in England to wealth, has perhaps been powerful in introducing the practice; and the tendency of such a system, is to bring on beggary and destruction, as a necessary means of recalling the people to their senses, and to the proper exercise of their rights. But prior to such an event, one might have imagined that a set of men generally competent only to the functions of eating, drinking, and sleeping, might be satisfied with being Aldermen. There they have ample scope for their favorite amusements. There they are privileged to dine well, and to dine gratis, (a greater consideration) four or five times a day if they please, at the expence of the city. They have good opportunities, *sometimes*, which it would be imprudent to neglect of being profitably employed by the minister of the day, if they are by chance fit for any employment; and the recommendation of an Alderman may be of some service to an *aspiring relation*, who may think it better to take a good thing ready prepared for him, than to beat his head in vain for wits to prepare good things for himself. It is not pretended that the corruptions of the city representation are so *magnificent*, or imposing, as those in the representation of the country at large. The system of *social order* and *legitimate government* must observe its gradations—

> Tis from *high* life, high characters are drawn—
> A saint in *crape*, is twice a saint in lawn:—
> Wise if a minister, but if a king—
> More rich, more wise, more great—more *every thing*.

The poet did not perhaps mean by the important compound "every thing," certain *bad* qualities that *might* be included in its extensive signification. *Thing* was requisite to rhyme with king: and the poetical license is not yet constructive treason; although such an intimation in prose might hazard the charge of sedition. But not to digress too far from the gradations of corruption observed in the two orders of misrepresentation—that of the metropolis and that of the country;—after admitting that the *state* is superior to the *city;* it must not be overlooked that although the prizes are not so *numerous*, nor so *large*, yet there are *choice morsels* to be met with in the purlieus of the Common Council Chamber which are only known to the initiated few. With these the *rotation* Aldermen might learn to be content. Their *profits* are not envied; but when they aspire to situations which they are evidently unable to fulfil—when they require not only to be rewarded without merit, but to be paid for doing mischief, they must expect to be reminded of their imbecility, and censured for their rashness.

The present contest takes however a more important aspect from the circumstances in which the country is placed. An *imbecile* chief magistrate is only a tool of the existing administration. And, what member of the livery would lend himself to the views of such an administration? What liveryman of the city of London will even in sufferance identify himself with a ministry, that cannot retain its power, but by the violation of the laws, by the suspension of the constitution of the land? What liveryman would wish to see placed in the civic chair, the puppet of a Canning, a Sidmouth, or a Castlereagh? What liveryman would have the councils of the city regulated by such advisers. They should remember that *their legal* privilege of meeting is *destroyed by law*, at the recommendation of these ministers. They have determined that *certain meetings* only shall be legal: and having done this, if they can obtain a magistrate of London who will refuse to sanction the assemblies of the liverymen and freemen—they may flatter themselves that they will be able to destroy all *meetings*, all discussion. It is to be trusted, indeed, that such a body of enlightened men as the livery and freemen are WOULD MEET, IN DESPIGHT OF ANY OPPOSITION:—but it is not prudent to risk a dilemma which might bring on the necessity of opposing usurpation with any other weapons than truth and reason.

Should such a Lord Mayor, as could be manufactured out of the materials in the composition of Mr. Alderman Smith, be pleased in the profundity of his wisdom, or agreeable to suggestions from the pious conclave in Downing-street, refuse to call a meeting to oppose that financial curse an income tax, which the state jugglers may propose to entail upon the nation,—what an exultation for your enemies! What a proof would it be considered of your predilection in favour of that *much-loved* imposition! How would you be stigmatised as a blind and unmeaning rabble, in the classic pages of the Courier, for any clamour against a measure so *eminently calculated to do you good*, and *sanctioned by so respectable a Lord Mayor!* Such jests, if you can merit by your conduct on this occasion, you will deserve to feel on the day of reckoning.

The proposer of Mr. Alderman Smith, with a happy impudence of oratory, asserted that gentleman to have "performed the duties of the several offices which he had already filled with *honor to himself*, and to the *citizens* of "*London*." This gratuitous proposition, is all perhaps that the city ever heard of the *honor* it had derived from Mr. Alderman Smith. That he has derived *some* advantage from the city, cannot be denied; but that *advantage* has never been converted into *honor* even for *himself*: and the share of honor derived by the city from Alderman Smith will

never be thought sufficiently important to emblazon the city arms. It is difficult to ascertain whether the proposer of the *worthy* Alderman, as he called him, was indulging in a strain of irony, or not. His commendation had the merit of adding to the contempt which has been, not very sparingly, thrown upon his pretensions:—The poet has said:

A vile encomium doubly ridicules—

This proposer ventured to ask, whether Smith and Atkins "when holding the higher office of Lord Mayor, would alter "their conduct, their interest, or their feelings?" What can be meant by this, as a *recommendation* to the Livery to elect them? The plain proposal is—"Return these gentle-"men as proper persons to serve the office of Lord Mayor. "Their conduct has always been hostile to your interests: "on every public occasion you have found them against "your opinions:—one of them *swears* he will not be di-"rected, by God! * and the other sanctimonious declining "the oath, cries AMEN, TO THAT! Their *interests* and their "*feelings*, (for they have *feelings* we are *told*, and we "*know interests*,) are to continue *the same* as they have "been;—that is directly adverse to yours:—then, gentle-"men of the livery, elect them by all means! They will "serve you as faithfully *as they have done*—they will con-"sult your interests—*as well as they have done*—their feel-"ings, their interest are pledged by their purposes, *to re-"main the same!!!*" The proposer went on to assert, "Mr. Alderman Smith prevented from filling the office of "Lord Mayor last year *by the public voice*," and in the same breath asserted, "that *no reason* could be assigned "why Mr. Smith should not, *in his turn*, be elected this "year," although he was, "by the public voice," *rejected in his turn*, and his proposer tells you that the conduct, interest, and feelings of the man, which *occasioned his rejection*, *are* and *will continue to be* the same!!! Do Mr. Smith and his friend consider the livery of London as children whom they can dupe into acquiescence, or as puppets that can be moved at pleasure by a dextrous knave?

The next argument of the proposer was that the livery had last year shewn their strength and power by rejecting the candidate by rotation, and that they ought to *elect him*, because they had *before rejected him*. This is the true spirit of burlesque; and the livery will properly appreciate the talents and merits of a man who can find no better arguments on which to rest his pretensions. A dextrous maniac would have stumbled upon something more consistent, and more ingenious. But Alderman Smith is not a maniac, he only supposes the livery may be blockheads: and it is for them to prove, or to di-prove his conjecture.

There has been so little public feeling of late that now it is awakened, there is some difficulty in directing and organizing it for immediate action. The public resemble one hardly roused from a trance:—each conscious of his past slumber, but not completely recovered from its effects, although fully sensible that it is time to rise—some do not like to move—others wish they were up, but take no steps to put on their clothes—others sit on the bedside and in the hurry to dress, put their garments on wrong. There are others more criminal who *are perfectly awake and ready for action, but who hold back from motives that do them no credit, and which they will live to lament, if their mistaken policy suffer common sense and common candour to be defeated, by apparent hypocrisy, and bare faced usurpation.* This partly will comprehend the *meaning* of this remark, and may spare themselves the shame of a further exposition of the motives which have hitherto rendered them neutral in a case where neutrality is treason to the people.

It is impossible to close an essay on this subject without adverting to two circumstances, trifling in themselves, but important as they affect the public cause. *Incidents* often display more of *real* character, than prepared occasions for the exhibition of public professions; and it is from these incidents that we may frequently gather more information, than from any other source. They are always indications of disposition, and however that disposition may be veiled in most cases from the public eye, it will always influence the mind in its private arrangements. The first of these was the impertinent conduct of one of the Sheriffs, who attempted to prevent political remarks; and who on the shew of hands for the election was so blind as not to perceive the difference between the number held up for Goodbehere and Smith without a *second shew*, which reluctantly convinced him that Smith was in a decided minority of not one fourth of the persons assembled. That a man exercising his authority *for the first time*, and yet daring in the face of some thousands to act thus partially can only be accounted for by supposing that his new clothes, had engaged more of his attention than his new duties; or by a supposition that would do his heart less honour, than the preceding would confer upon his head.

The second incident was in the conduct of Alderman HEYGATE. This man is a *middling* reformer. He stands hesitating between the balance of power and honesty, with all the caution of an experienced calculator of profit and loss. He is young, and foresees that he may live a considerable time. He must therefore provide for futurity, and take no step that might hazard a farthings worth either of wealth or reputation. Sometimes he calls himself a WHIG—at others, a MODERATE REFORMER:—and then he votes for the ministerial party! He is something like the old woman, who had no other reason for not going to church, but lest the devil should be offended; for reasoned she, I am not quite sure where I shall go and it is some consolation to have a friend, even in ——!" It would perhaps be *decent* in the ALDERMEN who, as *Aldermen*, claim the right of electing one of the two returned, to refrain from voting as *liverymen*: but it is a gross insult upon the public to see a man like Heygate, a whig, a moderate reformer, and a drinker to the memory of Mr. Fox, come forward to vote for Smith and Atkins, who are, *at least*, *his professed enemies* in politics. But perhaps they may be only *professed* enemies! It is unfortunate that some friend to this *young Alderman* will not advise him to obtain a set of political principles of *some sort*, and *adhere* to them. No matter which he shall choose—it is immaterial to the public—but there is something mean in *borrowing so many*, only to wear them for a day or two. The gentleman has *hinted* something like a wish to be a member of a certain honorable house, where principle is not much in request;

* This expression was made use of by Alderman Atkins at a Meeting to petition against the income tax, to which the *worthy* Alderman and M. P. declared his intention of *fixing* that villainous impost on the city.

but that need not prevent his adoption of it in other places. Should he be returned to that house, he can leave it at the door. It will be *taken care of* as well as the sticks and umbrellas of the members. For the last clue to his *opinions*, the livery ought, however to be grateful to him. It will not be lost upon them, while it is remembered; and we may find means to rescue it from the oblivion into which most of his actions will necessarily fall, they shall be more consistent hereafter than they have hitherto been.

If the candidates on the present occasion were at all equal in point of character and talent it will be a duty of great political importance to return those who are friendly to the cause of reform. But when no such comparison can be made;—when those on the side of popular freedom excel in every respect as much as in political integrity, there can be no question upon the duty of every honest man. Let the metropolis then maintain its power of election, and rescue itself from the disgrace of being represented by men who are hostile to it in sentiment, and opposed to its true interest. Let us not be charmed by a magistrate whom wealth alone could have elevated, and who has not adorned or justified his elevation by any act of public virtue, or of public spirit. Should this opportunity be lost—perhaps no other will occur in which the public voice may exert itself with the same advantage. Additional fetters are forging for your limbs by the vulcans of the administration; and they only need a *journeyman amongst* you to fasten them on. T. J. W.

LETTERS OF THE BLACK DWARF.

From the Black Dwarf in London to the Yellow Bonze at Japan.

Do not imagine, my dear friend, that I have forgotten thee. Thou art ever present to my silent moments, but I have been in a sea of business, with little leisure to descant upon theories or run in search of novelty. I have become quite an Englishman, and mix in the feeling of these strange people with an ardour that would surprise thee. Much that is *new* I cannot now promise thee. I have run over the appearance of the country, and hastily snatched up all that glittered on the surface. I must now dig deeper to satisfy thy curiosity, or go farther abroad to obtain intelligence. In obedience to this necessity, in turning over a file of French papers, a paragraph of the following import caught my eye:—"The Lord Chief Justice of England is now at "Paris, and has visited all the *mad-houses* and *lunatic* "*asylums*, to observe the modes of treatment in practice, "in order *to carry home* such ideas as may tend to improve "that class of unfortunates in England!" This is an awful paragraph, and may prove, if there be any truth in it, very ominous. At first, it only occurred to me as *very benevolent*, that the first,—no—the second dignitary of the law—should condescend to employ the few hours of his relaxation in visiting those revolting scenes of human misery. On second consideration, this supposition failed me. For it occurred to me that the dignitary of the law might be providing an asylum for himself, in the event of any unexpected alteration of his system, and the fatal counteraction of his amiable disposition, and mild and forbearing temper. But why study the *various methods?* Should this unfortunate malady assail him, it could only come in one shape—the contradiction of a Jury! Has he contemplated the design of undertaking the care of the madmen whose intellects have been impaired by LAW? Or has he still more enlarged views, and include all the *bench*, and the *bar*, as well as the *victims* and their *clients*, in one grand asylum of lunatics, under his especial care? If this be his object, he will indeed confer a most important benefit upon his country; and if he can cure the one of the madness of wishing to *controul* juries; the second of endeavouring to deceive them; and the third of the folly of appealing to them, the Augean stable might be cleansed, and the Courts of LAW be purified from the *abuses* that have made so many *distracted by their prosperity*, and so many more *mad* in their ruin. Yet France is a very unlikely country in which to find a remedy for such calamities. Thanks to the code of Napoleon, the paucity of lawyers, and the dispatch of the courts, there is very little legal madness in France. If the Court of the Bourbons wished to *import it*, indeed, they could not find any man more competent to describe it to them than the learned dignitary; who has contributed in his time to make many mad, in a legal way, and perfectly according to LAW. A Frenchman of some genius observes on this subject, that the whole English nation are mad, and that a great mad-house, reaching all over the island, is about to be erected; the journey of the dignitary in question being to collect all the information possible to obtain, for its government. He adds that a statute of lunacy will be taken out against England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, by Mr. Owen, in order that the estates may be taken away altogether out of the hands of the insane orders, and be *held in trust* for *their benefit*. I am afraid my friend, there may be some reason for this apprehension! a form of prayer was lately ordained to be said in all churches and chapels throughout the kingdom, praying heaven to "shield the Prince from the madness of the people." The whole people mad! gracious Heavens! this is time to look out for *new modes* of *treating lunatics!* yes I fear we are all that, and that I have been infected without perceiving it. There is evidence against us of insanity that cannot be disputed. The great dignitaries of LAW and RELIGION agree that the people are mad, who expect them to reform any of the *abuses* in *church* and *state*. This is certainly *madness;* and Lord C. and old George, and a thousand other credible witnesses will swear it. And the people as resolutely swear *these are mad*, who perceiving the country sinking under its burdens, will not lend any sort of assistance to lighten them. Of this they assert they can produce indisputable evidence, and further the people assert they can prove that so far from lightening them, the great are absolutely adding to the weights as fast as they can. *Madness* is the universal charge. Prince, ministers, and people are all accusing each other of distraction, and with too much reason. How grateful ought we to be to any one who will tell us the nature of our situation, and endeavour to put us in strait waistcoats, and proper cells before we do each other a more serious mischief than railing at each other, or venting our madness upon paper. If "oppression will make a *wise man mad*," as the wisest of men asserts, there is no reason to be surprised at the number of madmen among the people, and if "power intoxicates as "well as wine," an easy solution may be found of the existing madness amongst the *higher* and more *valuable* orders. But whatever the cause, we must all rejoice at the prospect of a remedy, and our obligations to him, who will

condescend to become our keeper can only be equalled by the boundless condescension that induced so great, so good, so mild, and so wise a man, to travel so far for so very benevolent a purpose. Thy well-wisher, THE BLACK DWARF

ON THE VARIETY OF PUBLIC DECEPTIONS.

Sir,

In addition to the *sinking banks* which many writers besides myself have justly reprobated, you will have lately noticed another *cunning device* to make the *Funds the grand cemetery* of national freedom and prosperity, under the name of *stock debentures* which are to circulate as the representatives of *a nonentity* in all parts of the British empire. The projector of this notable scheme is *too far north* for both the Chinese and Indian jugglers, he will therefore have, in all probability, adequate success with the unwary, and pick the peoples pockets of their *last shilling* to prop a *rotten fabric of despotism*, which to an honest man is not *worth a groat*, and the sooner it leaves "not a wreck behind" the better for those among mankind, who do not prefer bondage to liberty, under any Government. If any of your readers ever were foolish enough to believe that *sinking* and *consolidated* funds or any species of *Stocks* created by *a government debt* had any thing beyond an *imaginary existence*, Mr. Dana's debenture project, will dissolve the spell most effectually as the great book of *sibulline leaves* will then take flight to every corner of the kingdom, in the shape of *decoy ducks* for the *loyal boobies* who have not yet deposited their *nest eggs* in the *state rookery*. The real value of such *paper kites* will be too fluctuating for general use, and if the finances decrease in time of peace, the very interest upon them will become as precarious as the principal thus converted to *a circulating medium*, instead of remaining as formerly in the old Sibyls den of bulls and bears, like the celebrated *gorgon heads* of ancient time, which completely *stultified* all their beholders. In those days of *prodigies*, people were foolish enough nevertheless to believe in this adage "*ex nihilo nihil fit*," but we have now much more *faith* in both spiritual and *temporal* concerns, ever to suspect that a *dirty rag*, under an imposing metamorphosis may yet degenerate to its *original worthlessness*, and then sink into the right honourable office of *a privy Counsellor*. "*sic transit gloria mundi*," and in such a probable event what will become of all the planet struck *paper holders in purgatory?* were *sinking banks* and the proposed *funiscrip* not in being, a *government* bankruptcy would *materially* affect those only who trusted to such *dormant security* of the cormorant *stock jobbers*, who have been long gorging on the imaginary carcase, at the expence of a plundered people: on the contrary if *the hoax* is suffered to continue much longer, millions of individuals, who would otherwise have escaped, almost *scot free* from the calamity, will be reduced to beggary and may have too great reason to curse *the man*, by whose advice *their little all* was ever lodged in a *sinking bank* of any description. *Under the rose*, let me tell you Mr. Editor, the whole is a *diabolical trick* to enlist the *physical force* of the country into the service of *corrupt boroughmongers*, which every Englishman is bound in duty to expose on all occasions and to the utmost of his ability. Ministerial hirelings charge the reformers with malevolence to the poor, and exultation over their miseries, in the hope, that these alone can induce them to complain of existing abuses, though the reverse be the fact, as no class of men can benefit more from *freely* chosen *parliaments* than those who work very hard indeed for daily bread, and have common sense enough to discriminate their friends from foes, without the officious aid of a prostituted press. If they have been able to save by *rigid economy* and *great temperance* sufficient to purchase a hut, *a spot of land*, a cow or a horse, *the pittance* may be more prudently employed than by trusting it in any hands, connected with *paper currency* and, nominal funds placed "on the baseless fabric of a vision" called national *credit*, the preposterous offspring of an appalling *debt*. This *stalking horse* was begotten by the famous stallion *Whig* upon an old Flanders mare called *Humbug* and it has already been as destructive to the liberties of old England, as the [illegible] charger proved long ago to the credulous inhabitants of ancient Troy. To the one *Hobby*, Englishmen have sacrificed their *free constitution* as completely as to the other the *silly Trojans* devoted their existence as an independent state, in defiance of all Cassandra's predictions which were afterwards too fatally fulfilled.

Providence seems this season to have blessed the whole of Europe with a harvest so super abundant, that the fear of want to three years to come, however deficient these may be, can hardly assail us, though aided with consuming stills or the insatiable maw of *belligerent Armies* to their utmost extent. At this prospect, the reformers have *true* cause of joy, as the people according to Dr. Slop of the Day will at least have *a cheap loaf* in their cupboards, if not *a fowl* in the pot; to which last, if they had only fair play, that *royal Jacobite* has not half the claim for all the dirty work he has been doing in the service of St. Louis and the beloved Ferdinand: but when apostacy presides at the helm of the vessel we cannot wonder should the unprincipled crew prosper under the banners of corruption, while their countrymen become the prey of pestilence, taxes, famine, and despair. It is curious to notice how short sighted the *slavish Editors* of certain prints are at this moment; forgetting in their unbounded extacy for the bounties of heaven, that these are rather *a curse* than a blessing to *the landed interest*, which is the *main prop* of despotism, as *by law established*, and if the prices of grain continue to find their level all over the world, for two or three years longer in peace, this *Corinthian pillar* of the state, must inevitably revert to its old *Tuscan form*, in more perfect unity with the *common base* of the whole *body politic*; and the *other column* must follow the fashion of *its counterpart* as naturally as *the shadow* does a substance. Let me here ask these Solomons in political economy, whence the taxation of 1817 is to be realized, if rents and land retrograde rapidly to the rates of 1757, and that they will do so, unless disturbed in their declension by *fresh carnage* of the human fold, for pastime to the *shepherd's, wolves, and hounds*, who have them now *in safe custody*, is an event unquestionable, and for one reason alone is devoutly to be wished, by every living soul, who is not another *Janus* in the double capacity of *tyrant* and *slave*, generally "*par nobile fratrum*," who crow and *crawl* together under such a retrogression in *the prices* of every commodity, can the funding system thrive, must it also not sink *pari passu* with sinecures, pensions, large salaries, military profusion, and innumerable other contingencies, as long as the *interest* of a debt, the *corner stone* of government responsibility and *good faith*, exceeds the whole national income from taxes, &c. leaving not one shilling of surplus to defray the annual expence of the most economical administration. Look to this "new view of society" ye dupes, in *stocks*, sinking funds, debentures, and *soi disant* saving banks! and seriously reflect upon your being e'er long left to swim on the ocean of Omnium Insolvency without the help, even of glorys full blown bladder to save you, from "the mercy of the rude stream that must for ever hide ye" when weary and old with service at the vile shrine of Mammon. Among various obstacles to the general currency of Mr. Dunn's antidotes for popular distress which might easily be enumerated, there *is one*, that may act like a double saw *both ways*, and consequently the less exceptionable to people of the Maltous school, who conceive that if poor men will perversely console themselves with the beggars benison, their brats may safely be hanged, drowned, burned, shot, or starved, pro bono publico, in which, of course that reverend gentleman's well fed gelding and the full stocked nurseries of ecclesiastical *paupers*, are very sacred ingredients, of the "noli me tangere" tribe.

Mr. Dunn does admit that capital punishments for forgeries will be very numerous, but adds this is already the case with hundreds, who are nearly suspended for the *Old Lady's* sake in Threadneedle-street; why therefore grudge a few dozen's more to please the Golden Calf, and the High Priest of Moloch, in the Purlieus of *pandæmonium*—especially when neither starvation, nor typhus, appears to make sufficient havock among the miserable Blanketeers, who have not yet emigrated to America; for one half of whom and similar superfluous hands, productive labour will not be procurable at home for years to come.

So much for *Debentures*, until we see the subject more fully detailed by their patronisers, and how far the unsuspecting John Bull will feel inclined to swallow this puff paste bait; which though a mere *caput mortuum*, will immediately become as troublesome a guest to the silly beast, as ever Jonas did in the belly of a monster equally voracious.

Representation for the continent of Europe has lately been extolled as *a sovereign* remedy for every affliction, and *moderate* reformers have naturally been induced to lament the total want of their favourite *panacea*, while prescribed in *modified doses* to church and *state patients*, among those nations who helped their rulers to hurl destruction at *a solitary tyrant*, since succeeded by scores of *despots* with all *his bad qualities*, and not one particle of *the virtue* and *talents* which he possessed. For my own part, I congratulate mankind at large, that the *diabolical deception* has not yet exerted its *legitimate influence* from England, herself *in fetters*, beyond the *electoral colleges* in France, and I hope the day is not very distant, when open tyranny and *absolute power* will be contemplated in all their *naked deformity*, by every *European*, and successfully opposed, as it has repeatedly been, by *moral strength* and *physical force* combined. Among the French who enjoy the sweets of adopted *misrepresentation* in all its glory, this alternative is already *a point of mere moment*, which will be settled by the absence or presence of Swiss *Mamelukes* or the mercenary Myrmidons from the Holy League; insurrectionary movements therefore at Lyons or elsewhere, only indicate the *inclination* but impede *the ability* to take ample revenge, until *discord* lower on one side, and *liberty* dawn on the other, with fairer prospects than she ever displayed before.

England benefitted by all *her* successive *struggles* with oppression, and France will do the same, not through the prowess of *a Cromwell* as an insidious *protector*, but by some noble Washington, the child and the champion of *freedom* as if north and south America only play *her cards* with common dexterity, until *ministerial extortion* become quite insufferable to men, who dare be free, either in the old or new world.

Had our own *glorious revolution* been counteracted by half the legitimate opposition *in men and money*, which France had to encounter by

the expulsion of the *Tarquin*, it also would have risen, waded, and *set in blood*, and the crown, at this moment, would have been in hands even *more legitimate* in the *modern sense of the term* than its present possessors, to whom it devolved by the will of the nation, merely in consequence of the *Dutch Napoleon* having no heirs of *his own body* by his Consort Mary, or any *other wife*, a circumstance alone, which demonstrates that the *divine right* of hereditary claim, was then held *in passive obedience* to the "*voice of the people*" who called William *in concert with*, but quite *independent of*, Mary to the throne.

Facts of this nature, and many more, in which Britons are deeply interested, may to some appear *mere repetition*, and to be met with in every periodical page; but granting all this is true, what harm can the *constant reiteration* of *useful knowledge* produce to society.

Original sin, the fall of Adam, the apostacy of his Satanic Majesty, Hell Fire, the glory of God, salvation by faith, and a thousand matters connected with *eternal welfare* have been vociferated from the pulpit, and *repeated* in millions of volumes for some thousand years, yet this is no bar against thousands of preachers every day in the week, or ten thousands of authors each month in the year, saying the same thing *on religious themes*, over and over again, nor should it operate with greater force to make *politicians* hold their *tongues* and *pens* on *temporal* topics not less interesting.

Pastors may tell their flocks till doom's day, that *two birds* in the bush, are preferable *to one* in the hand, to no good purpose, until *clerical practice* completely correspond with *sacerdotal precept* in a more equal distribution of the *loaves and fishes on earth*, among their poverty struck hearers, who cannot but wonder why the *word of God* should be open to inspection, while *magna charta* and the *bill of rights* are too sacred for vulgar discussion: an inconsistency, which reveals more secrets than the *cloven tongues* ever did, since the day of Pentecost, and teaches English *bible readers* to ponder on that inspired book, more seriously than formerly, both as christians, freemen, and *protestants* in every sense of the words.

Much of late has been said about *blasphemy*, and yet the *two* clearest *instances* of this crime, remain almost unnoticed, and with perfect impunity—one, the calling the poor people of God, "*start mad*" when it is obvious to the lowest of the lieges, that the *imputed disorder* is on the opposite side, perhaps for the *audacious sins* of the accusers—another, certain "visitation of God," as they are impiously styled, when the fact comes out, that the deceased fell a victim to the *inhumanity* of *man* or the *malice* of the devil *in his image*, to the conviction of every body, but a Coroner and his *sworn* Jury.

How this is reconcileable with a solemn oath to return *a verdict of truth*, is a problem difficult enough to puzzle a better casuist than I am, unless in charity we presume, that the worthy officer of the Crown, looks *retrospectively* to *Pitt*, as the original cause of the misery and famine which are now desolating the land; for the *heaven born minister* has indeed proved, in that view *a visitation from God*, greater than all the plagues of Egypt concentered in one. In courts of law we are hourly informed of criminals being instigated by the *prince of darkness*, which though *a base calumny*, according to the *unitarian creed*, is hardly so *sacrilegious an offence*, as saddling the *sins of the creature*, on the back of his *beneficent creator*, when a *miserable object* is *starving to death*, in a country overflowing with milk and honey, whence he may nevertheless have obtained like Moses a glimpse of "the promised land," beyond his grave. I omitted to remark on the *French revolution*, that if the nearest heir to the expelled Stuarts were now palmed on us, in the *true spirit* of legitimacy, with the grace of some hundred thousand foreign bayonets, seconded by the Irish and British *catholics*, the supposed conflict would commence *a scene of horrors*, to which all former revolutionary *volcanos* would be only as the spurting of *a gas lamp* to the eruptions of *mount Ætna*, we should not consequently blame others for crimes that *cæteris paribus* we ourselves would commit without hesitation, in defence of our country, its Brunswick deliverers, and the whole of those *rights* which they have preserved *unimpaired*, since they were invited to defend them! Had the first convention in Paris not been too honest for the times in which they lived, France might at this day have been as prosperous and *free* as America, but when the most upright men in that nation foolishly excluded themselves from the chance of re-election, they opened a wide door for the unprincipled *miscreants*, who immediately threw every thing into confusion; hence all the evils that ensued: which Napoleon terminated by *a remedy* almost as bad as *the disease*, his *nostrum* having been adroitly converted into a *confirmed Lues*, now spreading this *French pest* over the whole of Europe.

The Whig Parliament displayed more wisdom with less *integrity*, upon a similar occasion, and immediately after clinched their constituents choice by a triennial and septennial peg, which "hæret lateri lethalis arundo" of John Bull at this moment, and may stick there for ever, if radical *reform* do not speedily extract the fatal *dart*, with a very safe and simple *instrument*. When the people either of England or France turn over a new leaf on a *new score* in their contract with their leaders, all the blunders hitherto committed will be carefully avowed, as one century experience, hath taught both nations rather a *dear lesson* for them to forget in a hurry. It was last session proposed, in the American Congress, to encrease the allowance of *the members* for attendance, but the apprehension of displeasing the *elective body* made the question *be postponed* until *the wishes* of the constituents upon it should be known and *acted* upon accordingly. Here we have a *fair recognition* of freemen's *rights* to oppose hurtful innovations, in every stage, very different from the triennial and septennial *usurpations* of the *Whig faction*, who never waited to hear what *free Britons* to be sure would say on the subject, after the bit of slavery had been constitutionally slipt into their mouths, by aristocratic *magicians*. The present suspension of Jury Trial is no farther repugnant to the real sentiments of such hypocritical *reformers*, than as it may consolidate for a while the power of *their opponents*; a consideration even not to be thought of, compared with the hateful prospect of annual elections, and universal suffrage, which might in all probability treat *Whig and Tory* as the *two thieves* between whom genuine English liberty was empaled at the Revolution.

The last edition of Cartwright's form of prayer, is both "suaviter in modo and fortiter in re," and the Commons will give due attention now to the most *concise* and pithy petition that was ever presented *in writing* to the honourable house which has a peculiar intuitive antipathy to printers devils, from the time of *the Usurper* who first discarded them. *Scribes* and Pharisees are more docile personages, and if I be not mistaken the swinish multitude will all like the *sapient pig*, be seized with the *cacoethes scribendi* during the current year, that the whole legion may learn to pray *secundum artem*, without running the risk, *a second time*, of being branded as *madmen*, knaves and fools by their most learned drivers, or what was much worse hung up by the neck, to permit hogs of the Bourbon breed, to save *their own* bacon.

In a former number, I submitted a petition for *the friends* of Messrs. Evans and those, who like them, are still pining in dungeons, in the belief that it might lead to some legal efforts of the kind, and as there would be *no treason* in forwarding such a paper to the Regent by post, the experiment should be made immediately; it can do *no harm*, if good be not the result. Nobody would dare to stop *a communication* to the Prince, because it might contain *information* which *he* alone ought to learn; for we have not to travel very far from home, to recollect, that *a greater man*, not many years ago lost his life from the interception of a note, by *his own courtiers*, which would have apprised him of the *projected murder*, in the imperial palace, and given time to arrest the *conspirators*. The boroughmongers have ventured to knock law on the head, with as little ceremony, they once *handcuffed* the heir apparent had they may still *go farther*, should they meditate the treasonable design of preventing all access in future to his royal person, directly or indirectly by his loyal subjects. Were the pious Wilberforce as much alive to white as he is to black slavery, poor Evans would by this time have been liberated or tried by the Regent's express command, who would have thanked *the saint* for his judicious and reasonable *intercession* for *a sinner* not yet convicted of guilt before an earthly tribunal. You Mr. Editor, with every liberal mind must admire Cobbett's warm sympathy for Messrs. Knight and Benbow, from the other side of the Atlantic, as notified in his last publication, which I trust will have an extensive sale, and excite similar feelings in the breast of every Englishman, who lives and moves and has a being, merely at the divine pleasure of Secretaries, who have by their own confession kept very bad company; men *stained* with the foulest crimes. How terrible to reflect that our lives, liberties, and properties are all at the infallible nod of such men in the bosom of Old England, who sit as *Judge*, *Jury*, and *Executioner*, without check or controul, on every person, who has courage enough left to despise them and their despicable *toad eaters*. Even these vermin must soon take the alarm about the property tax, which is making the circuitous rout of *Hanover*, under the imposing garb of only *one* per cent upon income, to cheat us into submission also, and if we succumb without general resistance to so infernal *a peace tax*, were it but *a farthing* in the pound, liberty must *give up the ghost*, and seek for shelter on far distant shores; for not a wretch, who has the soul of a louse in the ninth part of a man, can deign to creep any longer as a helot in his native land, with an impost at his tail, which must rise progressively from one to fifty per cent, on every shilling which the wight can call his own.

British *scarecrows* of this stamp will, at least, do the new world this service, *to warn* its inhabitants, before the *darkness of despotism* overshadows the whole earth, against *paper money and banks* of all sorts and sizes; these artificial supporters of *worthless governments*, when they can stand no longer on their own *intrinsic merits*; the only *feet* which *rulers* ought to use among *rational beings*, and when these have been *eaten up by corruption*, the sooner a *mortified carcase* tumbles to the ground, the better for all who labour under its *baneful influence*.

From paper money the transition to coins is so obvious that we may observe *en passant* the very absurd denominations given them in most countries, and none more so than the nomenclature among ourselves. A *guinea* can give no idea of its value, though well enough calculated to

make one think of a slave and the coast from whence they and gold dust come. This piece, from its *odd worth* and indefinite name, has very properly been dismissed by *Mat of the mint*, and superseded by a less valuable and equally unmeaning sovereign; if there exist no latent contrast in the term with the vassals who are to have the great honour of adoring pure gold stamped with the divine image of an *august master*; a suggestion which I willingly refer to the decision of those connoissieurs who would not scruple to sacrifice *some hundred sovereigns* for one Queen Ann's *farthing!* – "*degustibus non est disputandum.*" Half a sovereign must be acknowledged no "*mal a propos*" discrimination, while a Regent acts only in behalf of the King his father; and no person, in his senses, can controvert the utility of both commodities in a commercial country, where *old rags* have too long usurped the place of the *sterling currency*. Were we to follow natural divisions, and to adopt insignificant terms only, copper, silver, and gold, subdivided by a decimal, would be an excellent ground-work, but this is perhaps anticipating, in the present era, what will not happen till another century; when utility, simplicity, and facility, will constitute the grand principles of every undertaking for the benefit of man. Your contemporary and fellow-sufferer Mr. Hone, has rendered the cause of reform a most essential service, by holding up the bloodile mirror for reflection among all classes of Englishmen; but I wonder he did not advert to one powerful motive for procrastinating the execution of certain police conspirators. These men, at the foot of the gallows, might make *queer confessions* relative to some inflammatory hand-bills that were circulated last winter by the official coadjutors of the perjured Castles and his worthy patrons. You may rest assured, therefore that the sentence will be commuted for exile, and as I am none of your sanguinary judges, by all means let the devils go out of existence at leisure, even at the risk of losing their *dying words of crimination* against their immaculate employers; since neither the one nor the other can ever in this life sleep soundly though on a bed of roses, while in the arms of a wakeful conscience full of thorns.

Two days before last Session of Parliament closed, the worthy Lord Mayor moved for a return of all *foreigners* in the *British army*, which can hardly fail much short of *ten thousand*, as I am constantly stumbling upon *red coats* to whom *German* seems their vernacular tongue, the whole of whom, in justice to the natives of the British Isles, should have been dismissed, before one single English soldier was discharged, and for reasons which he who runs may read in the face of many a starving wretch in the streets of London, to say nothing of *charity* beginning at home.

Mr. Owen has at last closed his labours, and though his lucubrations contain much worthy both of praise and blame, I apprehend they will not produce very visible effects, so speedily as the distress of the labouring poor imperiously demands. He certainly has done the duty which active benevolence and confident integrity had imposed upon him; it must now rest with others to act according to the best of their own judgment in the existing dilemma, while every one owes sincere thanks to the honest philanthropist for doing his best in the noble cause of humanity. I still wish, however, that Mr. Owen has explained his *inconsistent association* with *a traitor* and *spy* among the Glasgow reformers, because this had better be done late than never, for the names of *Richmond* and Owen will always be considered, by those who know the individuals well, as opposite as night and day.

Education among mankind in general must produce the most salutary consequences, but I do not esteem docility and poverty of spirit, with the Morning Chronicle, in that number: as I attribute to this very effect of the Scottish schools, a hypocritical fawning, and sycophantish *submission* to mere wealth, rank, or title, which have made the Scots almost a bye-word for servility among their southern neighbours. The aristocracy in Scotland constitute a species of noblesse, in many points, as hateful to their inferiors as ever the French, so called, were before the revolution; and when it is known as a fact, that hundreds of thousands of the Scottish peasantry never taste any thing better, from year to year, than oatmeal and milk or potatoes, in return for all the toil they endure, and the sweat of their brows, with which the labourers there may be said to moisten a very ungrateful soil, no thinking being can wonder at general discontent to the north of the Tweed, the first opportunity given for its explosion.

The great virtue ascribed to the parochial seminaries in that division of the empire, in keeping the mobility as quiet as lambs is easily accounted for, among those who have an interest in the *tame brutes* being dumb before their shearers, and patiently bowing to the blast of oppression from all quarters. The souls which once animated their brave ancestors—the Wallaces, Bruces, and Fletchers of former times, including the sturdy religious minds that prepared the way for the final expulsion of the Stuarts, are all fled to the plains of Columbia, or grovel in the dust as time serving poets, preachers, and trading politicians; the few bold reformers excepted in Glasgow and some other towns, but now bound *hand and foot*, with *gags* in their *mouths* lest they rise and speak before their accusers or upbraid their fellow citizens with an apathy, a passive obedience, the reproach, not the genuine *pride* of Caledonia. Many of the Scottish Hampdens, whom I have in my eye, justly *appreciate* the patriotic song of the inimitable bard, who was by Melville patronage degraded into a *dependent exciseman*, and in their solitary cells they must have often repeated with application to themselves and the boroughmongers.

"Lay the proud *usurpers* low,
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty guides every blow,
Let us do or die:
Who would be a *traitor* knave,
Who so base as be a slave,
Who would fill a coward grave,
Let him *turn* and fly.

I would rather have been the author of this little poem than of all the last lays or *heroics* on Waterloo put together.

Owens scheme of converting men into *automatons*, if it really would have that effect, is not half so well contrived for the purpose as parish schools in Scotland, when ministerial superintendance rules supreme.

Scholars are under the lash of the teacher—he is placed by Act of Parliament beneath rigid surveillance from the clergyman, who, some how or other, always looks up instinctively more to an earthly than an heavenly crown; and if the starving pedagogue should ever presume to breathe one liberal sentiment on the side of Freedom, he is sure to be roasted alive, as an impertinent demagogue by the aristocratic gang of Heritors, or parboiled by the parson keeping such a monster in hot-water all his life as a most dangerous reformer of the rising generation. That this mode of tuition, from infancy, will produce gallant warriors, abject subjects, and expert hypocrites, nobody will deny; but are then the most estimable qualities of man, when elevated one degree above the brutes, whom he proudly despises? while as a mercenary soldier, he is constrained to murder father, mother, sister, brother, and even his own child should he be commanded by a superior to do so, in some accidental riot, under the penalty of death for disobedience of martial law. Honour, glory, decorations, and a comfortable living are indeed in reason's eye but poor compensations for shooting and being shot at, in conflicts where the common man is no way concerned and if at all interested, it must frequently be in an opposite direction, by the stronger ties of blood and patriotism which naturally must make him shudder at the possibility of ever becoming, on any one occasion, a parricide, matricide, fratricide, or suicide, and what comprises the whole in one a patricide.

This sort of logic may not be very palatable to the infuriated abhorrer of regicides, who fulminates his anathemas in the *prostituted Day*, against the confidental ministers of St. Louis, because forsooth they belong to the revolution; forgetting, of course, that some of the very divinities, whom this idolator now worships had a similar origin; but as it may be hazardous to address this knight-errant on paper, as it is to confer with the military guardians of a British deliverer in the ordinary walks of life, I shall leave the patricide caitf to his own reflections on a Scottish motto "*fuimus*" most appropriate to quondam jacobins turned jacobites; no difficult metamorphosis for human plants, reared in a parochial nursery, when transplanted to a college of justice, a la Francoise.

From what I have stated above, no inference can be drawn against Scottish gallantry and prowess in battle, for we know from history that the Spartan and Roman slaves repeatedly fought with a heroic courage which their tyrannical masters were obliged to admire as a virtue worthy of better fortune, and after all, the bravery of a man surrounded with his comrades in arms, all animated by martial music and generous emulation, is even of a more equivocal nature than the firmness would by a William Tell or a Thomas Hardy, under more discouraging contingencies; a timid reformer may flinch from his duty in the hour of peril with self condemnation only, but the mercenary militant must fight in the day of trial as a desperate bravo, or be shot afterwards, in cold blood, as a coward. A religion which exhibits a merciful God as the indirect tormentor of his own creatures to all eternity, pre-ordained by that horrible fate—a country where the population live on a spare and coarse diet—which moreover groans under the weight of entails, and other deep traces of the feudal system, whose schools are bent beneath strict discipline, must rear a more moral race than can well be found in kingdoms differently governed, but the small number of crimes committed in Scotland depends much on the ardent desire among all classes to emigrate abroad. The most unruly go into the army or navy, and those who follow civil employments all over the British empire, are seldom recognised as Scotsmen when convicted of capital offences in London or any other place of execution. The political friend of Mr. Pitt used to alledge, that the kirk of Scotland was founded on the rock of poverty, which no storms could affect, and we may add, that the boasted morality of the peeple has, in some measure, the same foundation, having it seldom in their power to eat animal food, not even eats meat of any kind; to strong ale, porter, or other heating beverage they are equally strangers, though latterly too well acquainted with whisky in particular districts, and they suffer accordingly in health add manners. On the whole the Scottish peasantry are capital materials for standing armies and every species of servitude that requires previous rigid training to teach them

from the cradle, that clowns have nothing to do with laws but to obey them; men so debased must hail any change that could raise the plough-man somewhat above the horse which he drives, and as universal suffrage would include servants, alien residents of one year's standing even Jews, and every male adult paying direct or indirect taxes to support the government which protects them, the poorest person has something to call his own. The names of constituent electors and the annual return of elections place and inseperable fear in the way of bribery and corruption, nothing therefore can be wanting to render this a more promising mode to prevent the commission of crimes than Mr. Owen's project, and if the scheme for balloting, &c. be put in detail before the public, its practicability and peculiar advantages will at once dispel every apprehension and doubt on the subject. Till this change be effected the bulk of the people will be demoralized more and more, to become soon as degenerate as the Turks and Algerines under rulers not less despotic than the Sultan of Constantinople or the Dey of Algiers; on the contrary, from the moment that British vassals become bona fide Freemen, they will learn to respect themselves, to guard their rights from domestic usurpation, and to defend their beloved country successfully against the whole world in arms to disturb or invade any portion of the kingdom. The harvest of hangmen, traitors, spies, informers, sinecurists, pick-pockets, and a long list of such noxious animals will, it is true, be over, but in their stead, peace, plenty innocence, and happiness may again pervade the land.

When a fox loses his tail or a spaniel feels his neck in the collar, these poor brutes even are fond of seeing many more of the species in a similar plight, and for the same reason Englishmen being now at the mercy of a *state whipper in*, like so many curs of a kennel are apt to growl at the very thought of South American redemption, whence the numerous *tirades* in the lying prints to dissuade adventurers from joining the independent colours on her inviting shores, and if fortune do not almost immediately *favour the brave*, envy, malevolence, and misrepresentation will do the noble cause of liberty infinite harm. Some letters on the disappointment and misery of certain volunteers after their junction with the army of the Patriots bear the stamp of forgery so distinctly on their front, that the service will rather gain than lose by *so mean an attempt* to do mischief, nor can the period be remote when Bolivar and Macgregor will be enabled to return the compliment on their dastardly calumniators, who to curry favour with the patrons of Castles and Owens seem eager to attract *their regard*, before we fairly take the field in the *intended crusade* of the holy alliance to support their adorable Ferdinand of *petticoat renown*. Revolutionary *horrors* are stalking through every sheet of the Bourbon papers as a ghost to haunt the imaginations of the old men and women who discover treason *in potatoes*, or seditious movements in punch and his wife at Bartholemy fair, for the very laudable purpose of diverting the scent of *a rising generation* from the still *more atrocious* deeds of darkness, perpetrated for ages past, by savage Legitimacy in *Church and State*. By way of *set off* for the Day, Sun, Times and such luminaries, the *reformed prints* should refresh our memories with the most remarkable cases of civil and religious *martyrdoms* in Europe, before and after the reformation and revolutions in England and France, including the most striking persecutions or punishments by the Holy Inquisition and Popery in former times.

Such a display of villanies on both sides would demonstrate that for *one case* of cruelty that could justly attach to the friends of freedom, a hundred, nay *a thousand* would be brought home to the door of her foes and all of a *deeper die*.

When men of mild manners and decent character in private life become the uncontrolled jailors of the victims to borough monger corruption, it is a much more aggravated case of oppression than when notorious knaves enjoy that honourable office because of the latter every kind of torture and abuse will be credited, while no reasonable man can believe that an apparently devout christian will at once act the part of a barbarian, and the sufferer is of course left to his fate under so respectable a keeper, who will not even gratify the community with the names of the foreign captives in his humane custody.

Several persons have of late disappeared and their disconsolate relatives have been advertising rewards for the discovery without knowing perhaps, that the most probable depot for such stray sheep may be found among the *state prisons*, under lock and key of irresponsible governors who by this time have a snug act of indemnity in their pockets, which the borough interest must pass at its peril. What an uproar we have in all the papers about British and Irish absentees, and how very impolitic the senseless cry for any tax upon them by the Presentees; most of whom would not stay one day longer at home, if a fatal necessity of some kind or other did not prevent them also from roaming abroad in quest of more freedom at less expence. The moment persons are taxed for capital left beyond them, they will decamp bag and baggage forever to laugh at the stupidity of British financiers, who by the bye have been making a fine flourish in Dublin, about the only effectual way to get at the harpies who prey upon Ireland under the above odious appellation, viz. an income tax to fill the exhausted coffers of the treasury, without taking one penny more to expend among the deluded Irish by their precious absentees. This would be a new mode of gratifying revenge with a witness, that would soon peel poor pat as clean as a potatoe, which has been subjected to the peeling system before it can be decently put on a Lord Chancellors luxurious table. Political tactics are becoming daily better understood by the swinish multitude, who can smell a rat, though the mountain be in labour to bring forth a mouse only, and I fondly flatter myself that timely petitions from the three kingdoms in behalf of parliamentary reform will speedi-prove rat bane to the diminutive animal before it is hatched and then indeed, the people may joyfully exclaim "that the plot cabal in every throe has laboured in vain!"

Yours, Amicus.

SONG.

O my Country, my Country beware!
  Beware of the counsels of men;
Thou'rt encompass'd about with a snare,
  As a lion beset in his den.
Why sleep'st thou 'neath tyranny's rod?
  Why bend to oppression thy knee?
Why spurn the commands of thy God,
  Who made thee and bade thee be free?

Thou art warlike and fam'd for high deeds,
  Hast ever been counted most just;
Thy city in grandeur exceeds
  The proudest—now whelm'd in the dust!
Wherever thy flag is unfurl'd,
  The triumph of victory springs;
Thy ports are the gates of the world,
  Thy commerce, the tribute of Kings!

Thy treasure's, the Eastern abodes,
  Thy merchants, are Princes thro' gain;
Thy princes, in rank equal gods,
  When shall heav'n exalt them to men!
Yet my country thy riches are vain,
  I fear thou hast seen thy best day;
Since those who like *Freemen* should reign,
  Are servile as those who obey!

Shall the parents then cherish the hate
  Of their children, and mock at their woe
Rome once like Britannia was great,
  Rome fell by foul tyranny's blow.
The oak in its pride has survey'd
  The hero of Britain retire;
And casts his broad limbs in its shade,
  To muse on the deeds of his sire!

He heard the loud mountain-blast sweep,
  Heard *Freedom* her story impart,
Her voice in his bosom sunk deep,
  And mixt with the blood of his heart!
Her look prompted deeds of renown,
  Oppression ceas'd clanking his chain
And sunk at her withering frown
  As a tree overthrown on the plain!

Has the Angel now lost all her charms?
  Shall we banish her hence in disgrace?
See, she spreads her affectionate arms
  And offers a mother's embrace!
Oh! suffer her not to depart,
  Your *dearest* regard let her share
There are vipers that gnaw at her heart—
  Oh, my Country, my Country, beware!

INSKIP.

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